

TELLS A STORY AND TAKES AIR.

Harrison Will Not Say What He Is Doing in New York.

He Declares that He Is Not a Presidential Candidate.

If Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, has come to New York to bolster up his little Presidential boom, which is said to have been inaugurated at the recent meeting of the Loyal Legion in Cincinnati, he is going about the matter very quietly and cautiously.

He has seen only a few politicians since he arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening, and those only happened by the merest chance, so they say, to be in town when the Hoosier statesman came on. Among these were Gen. John C. New, Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, and Senator W. D. Washburn, of Minnesota.

There was no rushing, eager crowd in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel this morning anxious to get a word with the big man, as was always the case when Mr. Blaine came to town, and the only caller that put in an appearance during the forenoon was Tom Sawyer, of Minneapolis, who sent up his card while Mr. Harrison was at breakfast, and was asked to wait a half hour or so. Mr. Lowry thereupon took a cable car downtown.

Senator Proctor went back to Washington on an early train this morning and Senator Washburn followed him a little later. The latter said just before he went away that he wasn't working anybody's boom.

"In fact," he said to an "Evening World" reporter, "it is too early in the season for booms to be brought out. I don't know anything about this little boom of the ex-President. Perhaps it's there, as the newspapers say, but he hasn't said anything to me about it."

The ex-President saw a number of reporters in his room after he had finished breakfast. He denied very emphatically that he had come to New York for the purpose of consulting politicians.

"My visit here has no political significance whatever," he said, "and as I stated to some gentlemen of the press who called upon me last evening, I am here entirely on private business, which may engage my attention for several days to come."

When asked about the editorial in the Cincinnati newspaper which stated positively that the Harrison boom for 1896 had been "well and permanently launched," the ex-President said he had authorized no such statement, although the editor was his personal friend.

When inquiry was made as to the report that the Chicago Inter-Ocean had been purchased by some of his friends in order to boom his candidacy, Mr. Harrison changed the subject by relating a little story about a convention of inventors which he attended while he was President.

Mr. Platt has not yet called upon Harrison, and the latter says he has not

been in communication with that gentleman or any other New York politician of prominence. He declined to tell the nature of the business which brought him here, and said he had no plans of the day except that he would go out and take a little air in the park.

BIG CHIEFS IN TOWN.

Many Indians Arrive to Join Buffalo Bill's "Wild West."

The average small boy who can escape parental observation is wild with delight to-day. He has double cause for joy, as there is no school to-day, and there are 133 Indians in town.

The Indians arrived last night from Nebraska and Wyoming, and include Nebraska Rocky Bear, Kicking Bear, Young Spotted-Tail and No Neck, who were engaged in the Mesquah and ghost dancing and the uprising at Wounded Knee.

The Indians, few of whom have ever seen civilization before, will form a part of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, which will open at 3 o'clock on next Saturday afternoon, adjoining the Thirty-ninth Street Fair in Brooklyn, where extensive grounds have been fitted up. There will be two performances daily, at 3 and 8 P. M.

In addition to representations of Indian warfare, attacks on and rescue of stages, coaches and settlers' cabins, riding by trained cowboys and Mexican vaqueros, Col. Cody and Manager Salisbury have added a congress of rough riders of the world, including Russian Cossacks, the South American Chanchos, Riffian Arabs, and the pick of the cavalry of the United States.

The reputation made by the show at the World's Fair has preceded it. During its six weeks more than 3,000,000 people visited the "Wild West" show, which is greater and more exciting than ever.

You Read The Evening World!

Do You Read The Sunday World?

TUBBS HADN'T DEPARTED.

He Turns Up to Prove a Message in a Bottle Was Not True.

Policeman Clarkson, of the Leonard street station, was on duty at Desbrosses street Ferry last evening when he was accosted by a lad named William Gleeson, of 423 Greenwich street. Gleeson, with an air of importance, handed him a bottle tightly corked and containing a slip of paper. Clarkson took the bottle and the boy to Leonard street station, where the cork was drawn and the message taken out. It was written on a half leaf torn from an office diary, and was as follows:

"Conn Tubbs has this day departed from this earth so good bye. Mr. Dr. Parkhurst son, me astray."

"Conn" Tubbs is the Roundsmen Tubbs, of the Oak street station. The sergeant at Leonard street communicated with the Oak street station, and was informed that "Conn" had just left his station in apparently good health and spirits. Late last night Roundsmen Tubbs called at Leonard street station to thank his brother officers for the interest displayed in his welfare.

An action for an absolute divorce has been brought by Alois Stenger, of 311 First avenue, through his lawyer, Mr. Louis Stecker, of 275 Broadway, against his wife, Dora Stenger.

In the complaint it is stated that the parties were married in March, 1887; that a few years after they were married there being no certainty as to his recovering, the wife, without notice to any one, entered into a marriage with Fred Twele, in a church in this city. She is now living, it is alleged, as Mrs. Twele in Totenville, S. I. Since their marriage two little Twelses have joined the family circle.

Stenger, however, upset the calculations of Mrs. Stenger and her new husband, and recovered his reason. He then the complaint states, discovered that his wife had remarried.

EXCISION OF THE KIDNEY.

Dr. Weir Successfully Performs This Delicate Operation.

Particulars were learned to-day of a remarkable surgical operation recently performed by Dr. Robert F. Weir at the New York Hospital. The operation consisted of the complete excision of the right kidney, the technical name of which is nephrectomy.

The subject of the operation is a graduate of Williams College, twenty-six years old. He is an athlete, and had never been ill day up to the time he was stricken with ptychophthis, or suppurative inflammation of the kidney. Medical statistics show that the removal of the kidney for ptychophthis is attended by about one recovery in a thousand. The operation was the first of the kind ever successfully performed at the New York Hospital.

Weir performed the operation in the presence of many well-known surgeons. He first made an incision in the right loin six inches long, then gradually worked through the posterior abdominal wall. The depth of the organ to be removed rendered it most difficult to reach, but Dr. Weir, aided by three assistants, finally laid bare the diseased kidney, and rapidly cut away the surrounding tissues.

The most dangerous part of the operation was the severing of the renal artery. It was successfully ligatured, and the kidney removed. When the knife wounds were dressed it was found that forty-five minutes had elapsed from the time of the first stroke of the scalpel.

The patient rapidly recovered from the anæsthetics, and for twenty-four hours stimulants were constantly administered. On the third day he was resting easily, and he is now pronounced out of danger.

IS MOWBRAY IN TOWN?

English Anarchist Expected to Speak at To-morrow's Meeting.

There will be a meeting of Anarchists at the Thalia Theatre to-morrow afternoon, and it is hinted that Thomas Mowbray will be one of the speakers.

Mowbray was formerly editor of the Commonwealth, an Anarchist sheet published in London. In looking for some one to take the place of Herr Most in this city Mowbray's name was mentioned, and finally subscription of \$200 was raised to bring the Englishman to this city with his family.

Commissioner of Immigration Senner has been on the lookout for Mowbray, but it is said he got by the Ellis Island officials and is now in this city. Of course, none of his fellow-sympathizers will admit this fact.

Herr Most is again in the city, but is said to have lost much of his influence. He will be at to-morrow's meeting, which is styled a "reunion revival."

HUSBAND SANE AGAIN.

Says His Wife Was Married While He Was in an Asylum.

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HIS FATAL FLIRTATION.

A Locket Which Cost a Life and Led to a Marriage.

The women had gone to the drawing-room, and we had finished first cigars, when the conversation struck on matrimony. We were all married men, explaining how it happened. The other guests had told in turn their little story in the free confidence one easily feels at the end of a perfect dinner. I had related my romance, and we now turned to our host.

"Narlin, how did you win your wife?" "It's a long story—began on a hunting pass in the Arizona desert, crossed the water and ended in Colorado. Light butler, bring the Chartruse—green for me, if you please."

I think it was the Summer of '86. Geronimo was not yet taken, and we had been chasing in our turn until, for lack of backs and feet, our horses were lagging in the race, and we were set to watch water-holes in the San Simon, so polluted with alkali and arsenic a sensible savage would have shunned it, as my dyspepsia, which dates from that campaign, tells me I failed to do.

Somehow the Geronimo campaign always reminded me of a fox chase—the Indian scouts keeping their noses close to the scent like dogs too slow to force the bush into the open, while the various troops, like hunters in different wind, held and lost the place which promised first at the finish. If you know Arizona at all, you will recall how sharp and rocky are the crests of the divides; being lines of most resistance in this land of deep erosion, they retain the sharp, jagged profile often seen in the snows of mountain drifts as it disappears in early Summer. Below these scopas lies a colony of rounded foot-hills, receding and growing less until they end in broken bowlder mesa, which, with numerous arroyos, fades into the soft, level adobe plain and blanda, as unimpaired as the canvases walls of a cyclorama join the rocks and logs in the pit below you.

The Indians preferred these sharp crests, which were for them both watch-towers and impregnable bastions. Occasionally they would strike the valley, kill a rancher and steal fresh ponies, and some troop would cut in and crowd them in the open till they took the next divide and met some barrier that balked the pursuers and forced them to detour, while some other troop, through accident of locality, would tack and take the chosen place on the trail, giving for a few days its dust to the other pursuing columns.

It was a weary stern-chase, performed under burning skies of cloudless blue in a thirsty land of heat intolerable. And it was best expressed by our lieutenant, who, on being informed by a certain captain of "Nubian Horse" that he was affect a long way after, "Yes, Captain, a long way after." It was like cutting cards for an ace or calling the turn at roulette or faro to tell which one of some twen-

ty-five troops would be in at the death.

We had our little spurt; had brushed them off the divide, and for three days led in the open across the valley to the Sierra Madre, where fresher horseflesh cut in from our right and took from us the places of honor and left us foot-sore, and back-sore and winded at the base of the mountains, where we were ordered a day's march back into the valley, near the border, to guard water-holes of the San Simon in the wullen month of August. The nights were getting bearable, but the day heat still held on with the stubborn insistence of a Southern Summer. Our camp was not happy—the water was bad; our shelter—halves, but little thicker than cheese-cloth, proved leaky sunshades, and we reinforced them with our saddle blankets; we had no amusement except to growl, which we were in the chase and wonder whose blooming intellect had squatted us down among the Gila monsters and sand-fles to watch water so foul neither soil nor sun would drink it.

The local sports of the cantonment were disgusted. A week before they were giving odds—10 to 3 on us in the race, and in the romance accomplished there should be no trace either of bitterness or remorse, only weary indifference. I was utterly fascinated by the face that Leighton's manner annoyed me, and I did not ask him for the story. Possibly overcast makes men irritable, for some of the questions I got by me, and how I resented this careless fellow wearing about him a face like that, which was so different from the face of Leighton's.

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charged by expiration term of service" in Black ink.

"Sergeant, and whose will be the next body?" asked Leighton, without a ring of feeling.

"There'll be plenty of 'em, if this blooming heat continues and we remain in this camp," I replied.

"And do you suppose the devil will rescue a transport from Murray's court-martial board?" asked Murray, and been an excellent troop blacksmith, but a most constant drunkard, so his record was a full one.

If he does, Murray won't draw brimstone liquor for a year," I replied. "The lad will be none the worse for that, for surely here he had a most solid chair and struck the desk."

We were working at this official funeral in the sultry summer night by the unearthly light of lantern-candles, and were not feeling impressed or reverent. Leighton was in his undershirt, open at his handsome brown throat. As he leaned over the books at work a locket from his bosom fell the slack of its cold chain and struck the desk.

I noticed it and he took it off, handing it to me with indifference. He had opened the locket, revealing the portrait, which was that of a fresh young girl—one of those sweet English faces whose charming complexion and expression of confidence are complete. The eyes arrested you pathetically, soft brown eyes, so tender, so full of yearning, and as you changed your point of view of the miniature, followed you with their full, warm light. I never seen such a fascinating light only in the brown eyes of faithful dogs watching those they loved.

Seeing my more than casual notes of the portrait, Leighton added: "It's an old story, not worth the telling; I don't know who I keep it."

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Lower in the madre spread the pure, deep purple of Southern twilight, while from the foothills came the soft evening breeze, born after the heat of day. Even though I felt the heat of the day, I thought that before reaching you they must have loitered to bathe in the cool, and caught some of a murmur.

On the plain I passed two groups of comrades, one seeking refuge in the shade of the other, fortune in roulette-pleasant pastimes that might lead to complications, while money, wasted, and would bear light watching.

I walked on to the Jardin de Oro, a small public park where the arabsque and inspired, and listened to the heat and glare of a campaign in the desert can form any idea of the physical luxury of green trees and of water. I was seated listening to the soft Indian Spanish as it fell about me in a babbling murmur from the fountain.

What a contrast this scene to the hot camp I had just left, where were heard only the whirr of the rattlesnake or the crocodile of the lonely turtle-dove-mourning sounds which seem to do to the vibrant heat. Above the fountain, a lone hawk, wheeling in a circle, from which the moon had now risen into the full, upper blue, causing the leaves overhead to shimmer in arabesque on the grass at my feet, where, as the night breeze stirred the foliage, it wove a pattern of light and shadow, seen in fancy to play with as with those made by flames in a grate. Now it was a cathedral and almost forgotten, and now, on grander scale, the vision of delicate dream-work receded from my lady's chamber.

Leighton was there, a manilla beside him. I could only see the revealed oval of the face, but the figure was slight and pretty, for I caught his glance as he turned to look at me. Next evening, at a ball, Leighton presented me to Panchita. Together we went to the ball, and this pretty animal, with eyes for him alone, in the desert so rapid as a sailing ship, and half-burned brands are here left on love's altar. It is a story of a young man, who was a child sometimes, from hell or else descent from heaven.

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mirer, for the stabbing, when I stepped

"Hold on, boys," I said; "remember, I promised the Lieutenant no 'complications'."

So Leighton became officially a "deserter," and I kept my word. I found Leighton's body, the locket was lying on the ground beside it. The chap was open and the portrait blood-stained and mutilated, as if by the point of a dagger.

I think Leighton half knew what he was doing when he flung that portrait at Panchita—he was a careless devil, and loved danger in a way to win any woman's heart. But you see it was his first affair in this land, and he was mistaken in their temper.

How could I let his record remain so? Well, what could I do? Besides, Leighton was not his right name, as I found out afterwards, when reading his home letters to get his relative's address. His name was Jack Langhorn, and that locket the rascal showed me contained a portrait of his youngest sister.

The States, where I met her in Colorado, the year after I left the service and made the strike at Harque, Ha. She is Mrs. Narlin now, and you met her at dinner. But remember, she knows only half the story of her portrait, and Jack Langhorn was killed by the Apaches. Let us join the ladies—Argonaut.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Advice Given to a Poor Man by a Half-Dozen Millionaires.

An industrious mechanic, with \$500 wrote to Millionaire Carnegie, W. W. Astor, Flower, Spreckels, Pratt, Pillsbury and Clews for advice as to how



THEY TELL HOW TO GET RICH. He should invest his money. The answers which he received will be published in the "Sunday World." Probably a great many New Yorkers have wondered whether it was best to save, to speculate or to invest in real estate. In the answers which this young America received they will find a solution of the question which has troubled them.

YOU MANS

LADIES'

Straw Sailors

AND

Walking Hats.

1107 and 1109 Broadway.

Near 24th Street.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The House Girl.

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Every Woman, Married or Single, should own a copy of Mrs. Pinkham's 32-page illustrated Book. It contains heaps of advice, and will save lots of sickness. Address with 2c. stamp, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass. Mention The World.

WORKING WOMEN.

THEIR HARD STRUGGLE

Made Easier by the Timely Intervention of One Woman.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

All women work. Some in their homes, some in church, and some in the whirl of society. Many in stores, mills and shops, tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill earning their daily bread.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbance; and the nature of their duties in many cases quickly drifts them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints—ovarian troubles, inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, leucorrhœa, or perhaps irregularity or suppression of "monthly periods"—causing severe backache, nervousness, irritability and lassitude.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for all these troubles. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement, with all its horrors, will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, bearing down, disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and you will again be free. Accept the truth.

You can tell the story of your pain to a woman, and get the help that only a woman can give. Her address is Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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